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DOCTOR WHO

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DOCTOR WHO

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Sky Jacks, Part 1 of 4

The Doctor is an alien, the last of the powerful Time Lords. He is an intrepid traveller through time and space, armed only with his incredible intelligence and his fix-anything sonic screwdriver. He travels alone except for the human companions he befriends, briefly sharing his life with them and showing them the astonishing wonders of the universe.

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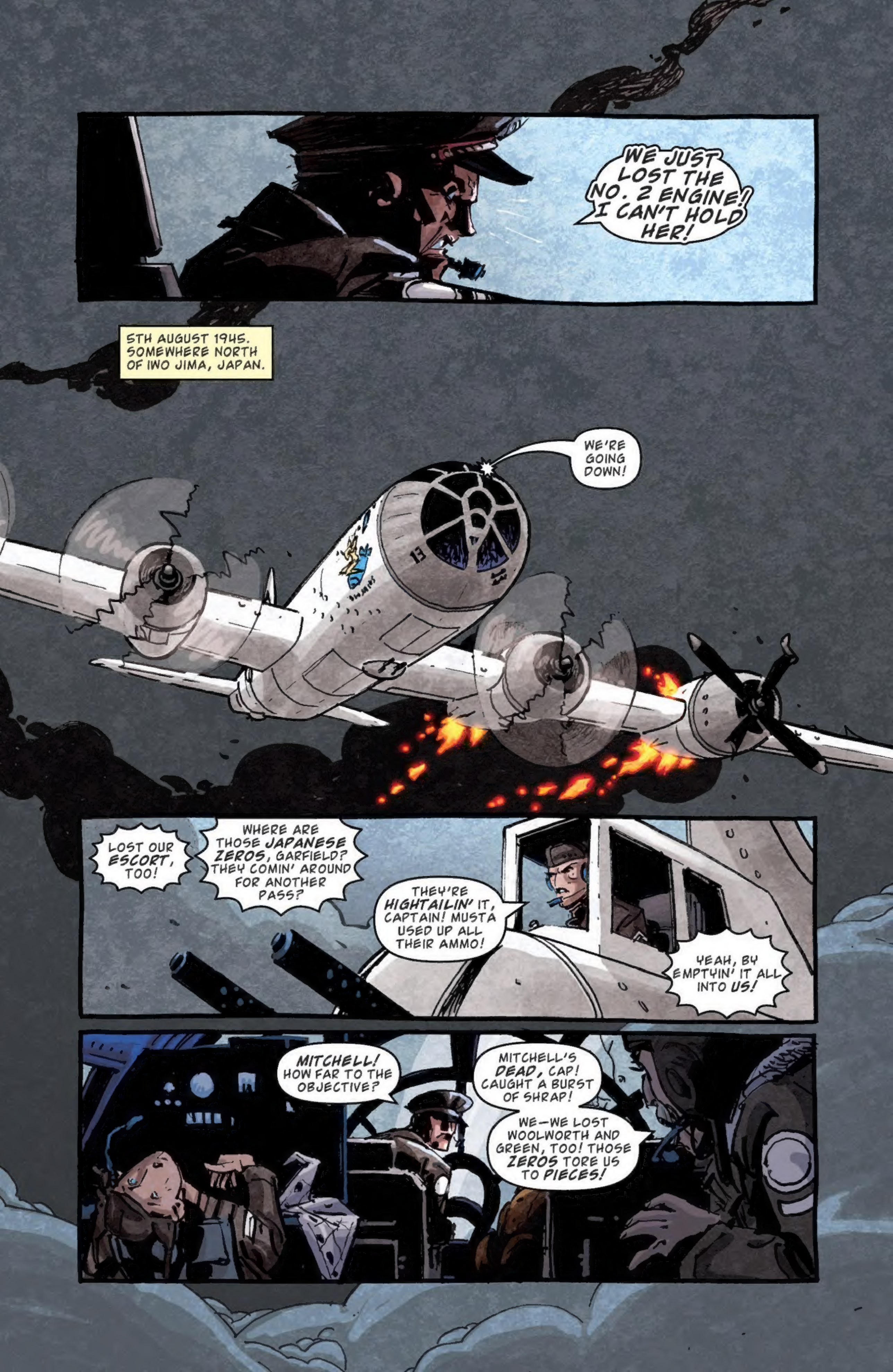
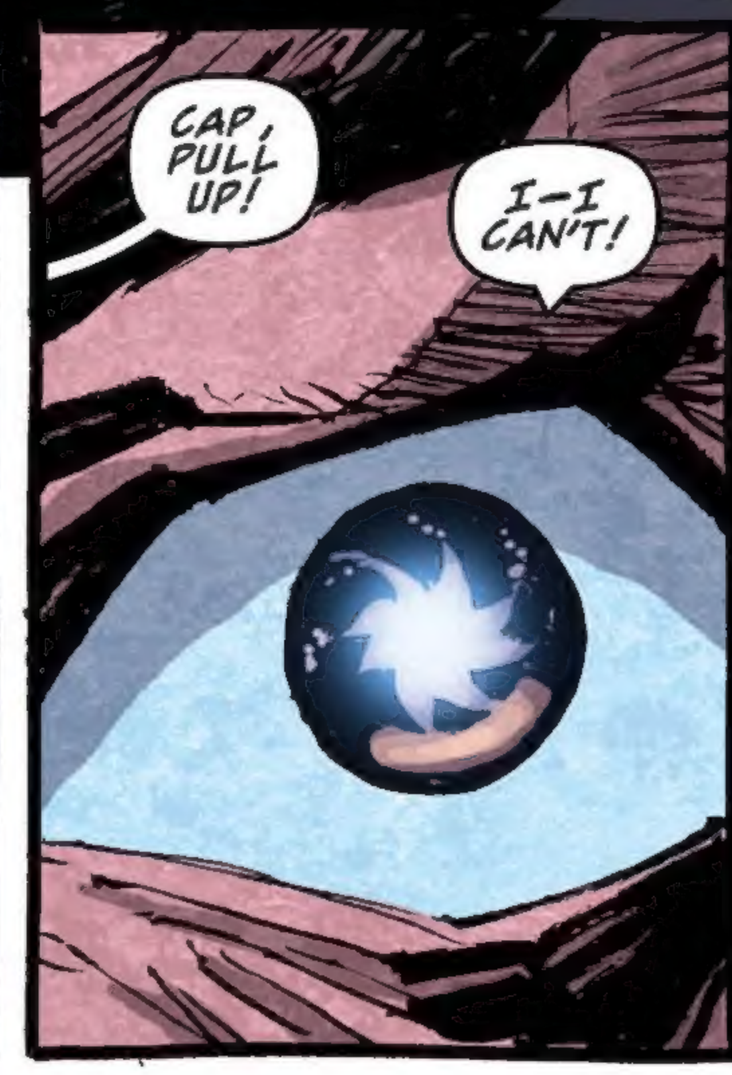

WE JUST LOST THE NO. 2 ENGINE! I CAN'T HOLD HER!
5TH AUGUST 1945. SOMEWHERE NORTH OF IWO JIMA, JAPAN.
WE'RE GOING DOWN!
LOST OUR ESCORT, TOO!
WHERE ARE THOSE JAPANESE ZEROS, GARFIELD? THEY COMIN' AROUND FOR ANOTHER PASS?
THEY'RE HIGHTAILIN' IT, CAPTAIN! MUSTA USED UP ALL THEIR AMMO!
YEAH, BY EMPTYIN' IT ALL INTO US!
MITCHELL! HOW FAR TO THE OBJECTIVE?
MITCHELL'S DEAD, CAP! CAUGHT A BURST OF SHRAP!
WE—WE LOST WOOLWORTH AND GREEN, TOO! THOSE ZEROS TORE US TO PIECES!

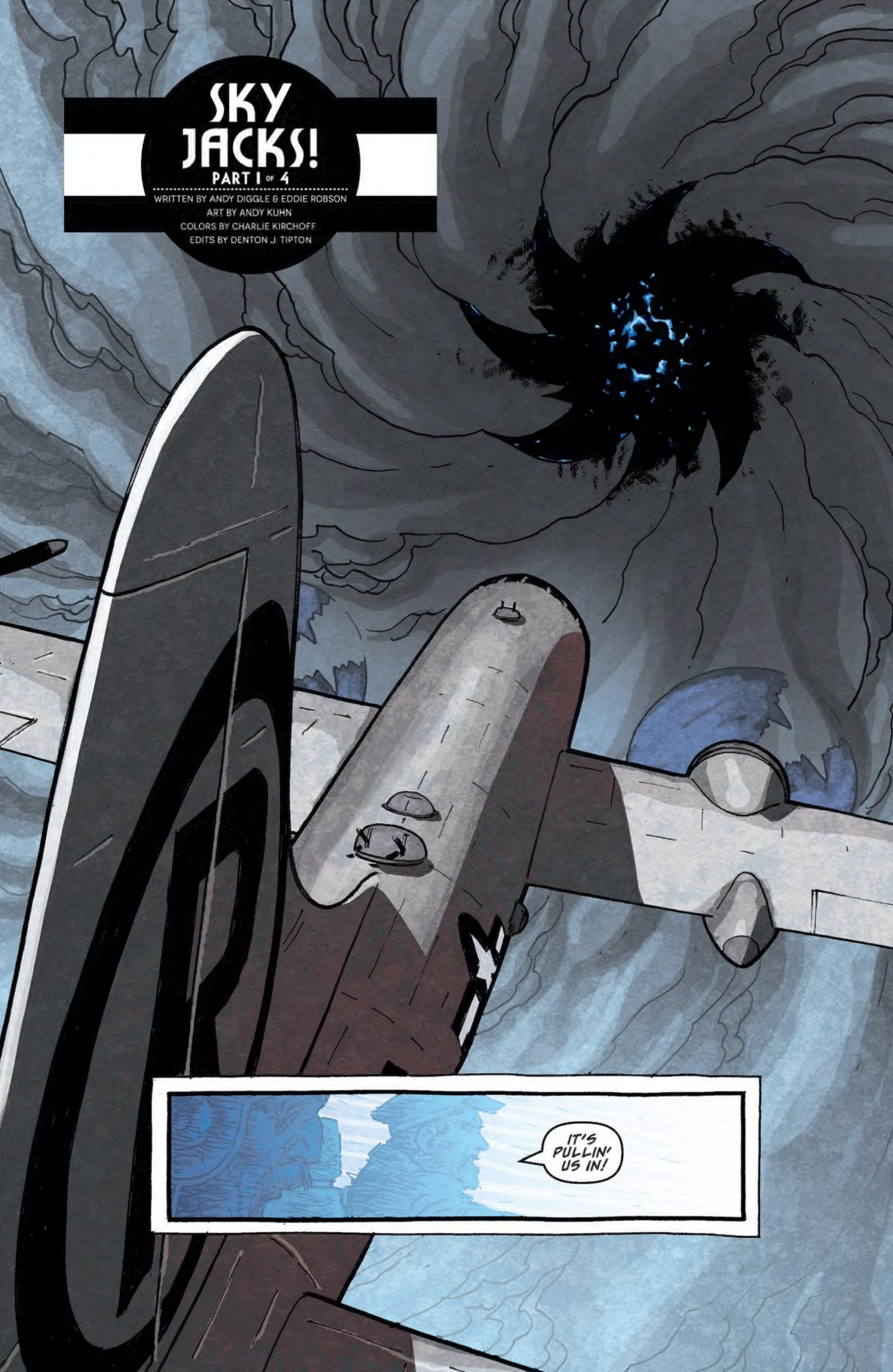
'AND RISK THE JAPANESE GETTING THEIR HANDS ON OUR PAYLOAD? NOT ON MY WATCH, SERGEANT!

'GET ON THE RADIO AND TELL TINIAN THAT BIG MOMMA AIN'T GONNA MAKE IT TO THE OBJECTIVE!

'WE JUST GOTTA PRAY FAT MAN AN' LITTLE BOY MAKE IT THROUGH'!

BIG MOMMA!




SKY JACKS!
PART 1 OF 4
WRITTEN BY ANDY DIGGLE & EDDIE ROBSON
ART BY ANDY KUHN
COLORS BY CHARLIE KIRCHOFF
EDITS BY DENTON J. TIPTON
IT'S PULLIN' US IN!

HHHMMMRGGHH...
LIGHTS.

LIGHTS!
TARDIS? IT'S CLARA. LIGHTS? HELLO...?

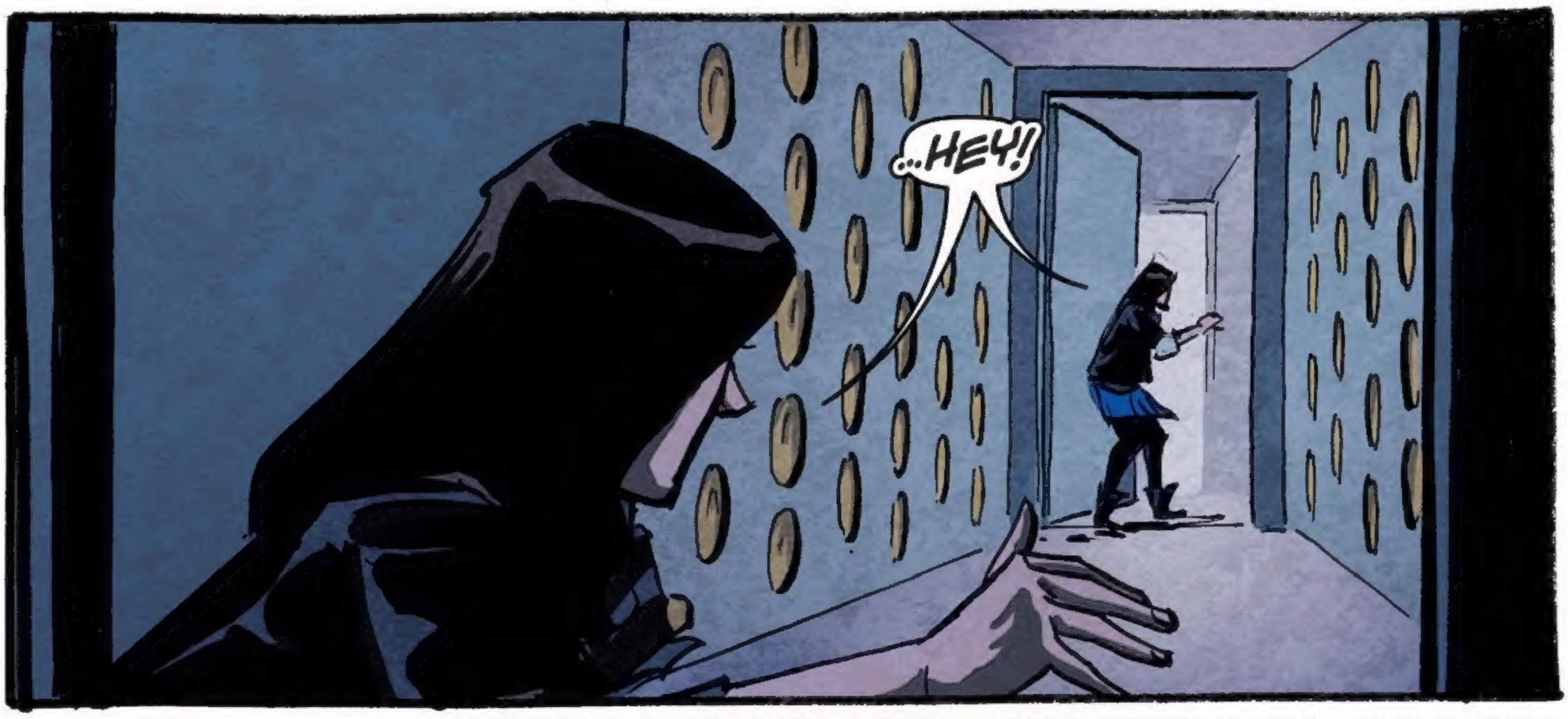
DOCTOR? THE LIGHTS IN THE SPARE BEDROOM ARE ON THE BLINK.
DOCTOR...?
GET EXCITED AND MAKE THINGS

I HAD THIS WEIRD DREAM WHERE I WAS ON A BEACH AND THERE WERE ALL THESE COCONUT TREES, AND INSIDE EVERY COCONUT WAS A DIFFERENT FLAVOR OF MILKSHAKE.

ARE THERE ANY REAL PLACES LIKE THAT? AND CAN WE GO THERE? LIKE, RIGHT NOW—?
OH.

DOCTOR, WHY IS THE LIBRARY WHERE THE CONTROL ROOM SHOULD BE?
DOCTOR? WHERE ARE YOU...?
HMPH. MAYBE HE'S IN THE LEGO ROOM. IF I CAN FIND IT...
NOPE.
HUH.
BISTRO ITALIANO
GET EXCITED AND MAKE THINGS
I'M GOING 'ROUND IN CIRCLES.

OKAY, THAT'S NEW.
MAYBE THAT'S THE DOOR TO THE CONTROL ROOM...


...HEY!

HEY, COME BACK!

HANG ON... SHE LOOKS FAMILIAR...

...GAH! THIS CORRIDOR'S A LOOP! I'M TRAPPED IN HERE...
...AND I HAVEN'T EVEN HAD BREAKFAST YET!

WAIT A SECOND...

DO NOT PRESS THIS BUTTON

'DO NOT PRESS THIS BUTTON'.
WELL, WHAT ELSE AM I SUPPOSED TO DO? STAND HERE FOREVER, TALKING TO MYSELF?

THIS IS REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY, ISN'T IT?
OR IS IT? WHAT IF IT ISN'T?
ARGH!
DO NOT PRESS THIS BUTTON

TO HELL WITH IT.
WHAT'S THE WORST THAT CAN HAPPEN...?

BEEP

AAAAAAAH!

DOCTOR! HEELP!
SKADEEEEE
UUHF!

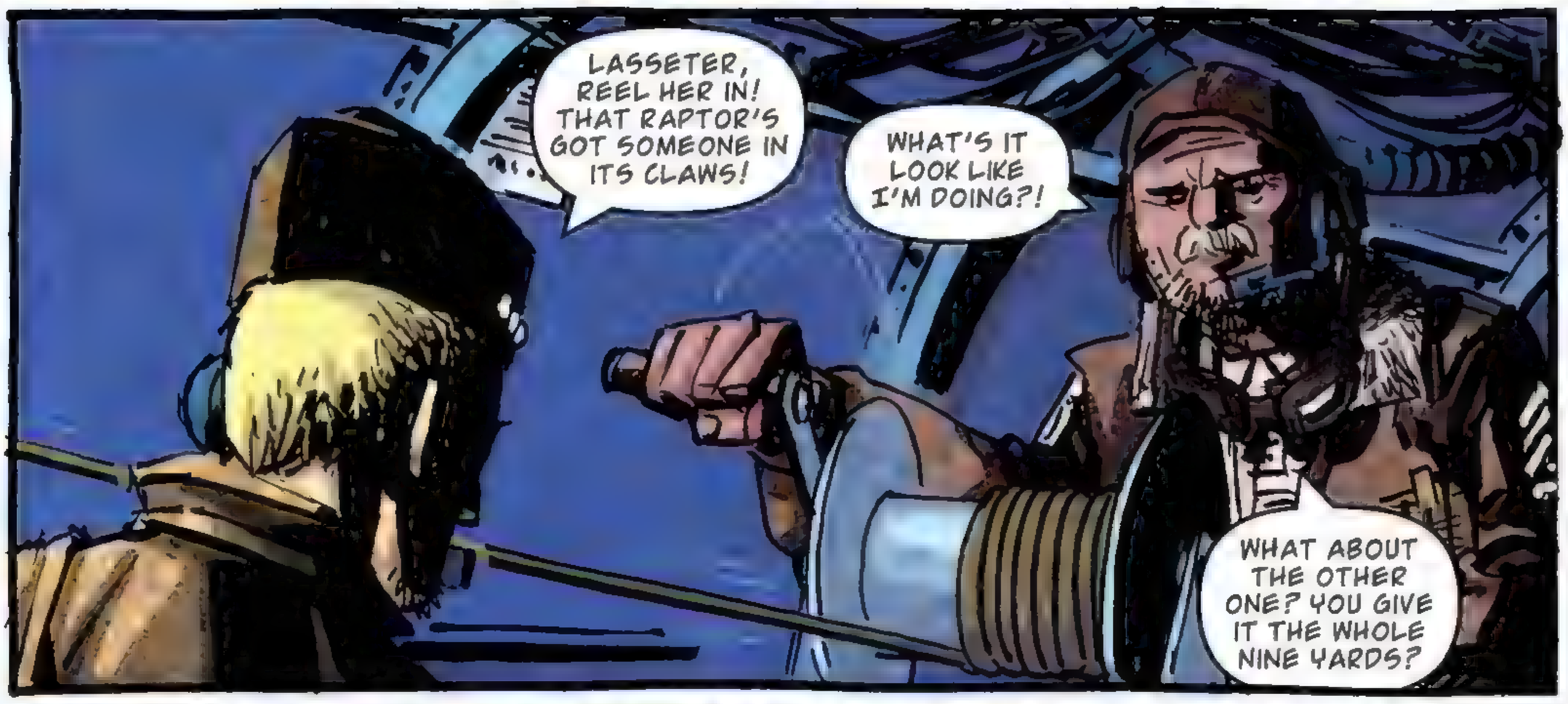
HUH— HUH—
I—I GUESS...
...I SHOULD SAY...
...THANK YOU!
RRRRAAAAAAK
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!
NO NEED TO—
SSSHUNK
—SH— SHOUT?
AAAAAGH!

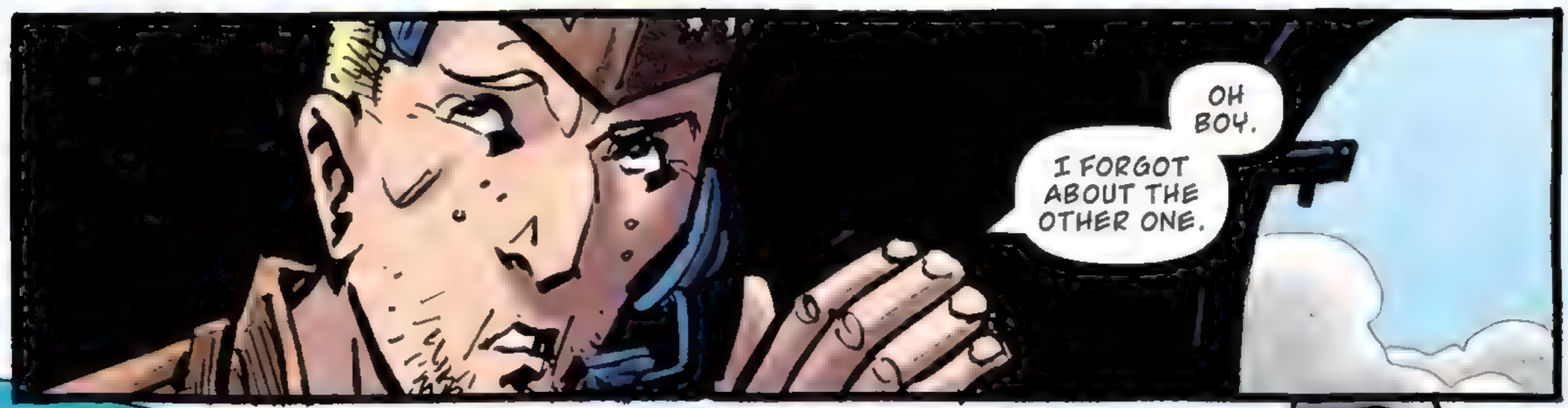
DID YOU SEE THAT? ONE SHOT, STRAIGHT THROUGH THE BRAIN!

WAIT'LL THE *SMITH* SEES WHAT WE GOT FOR HIM *THIS* TIME!

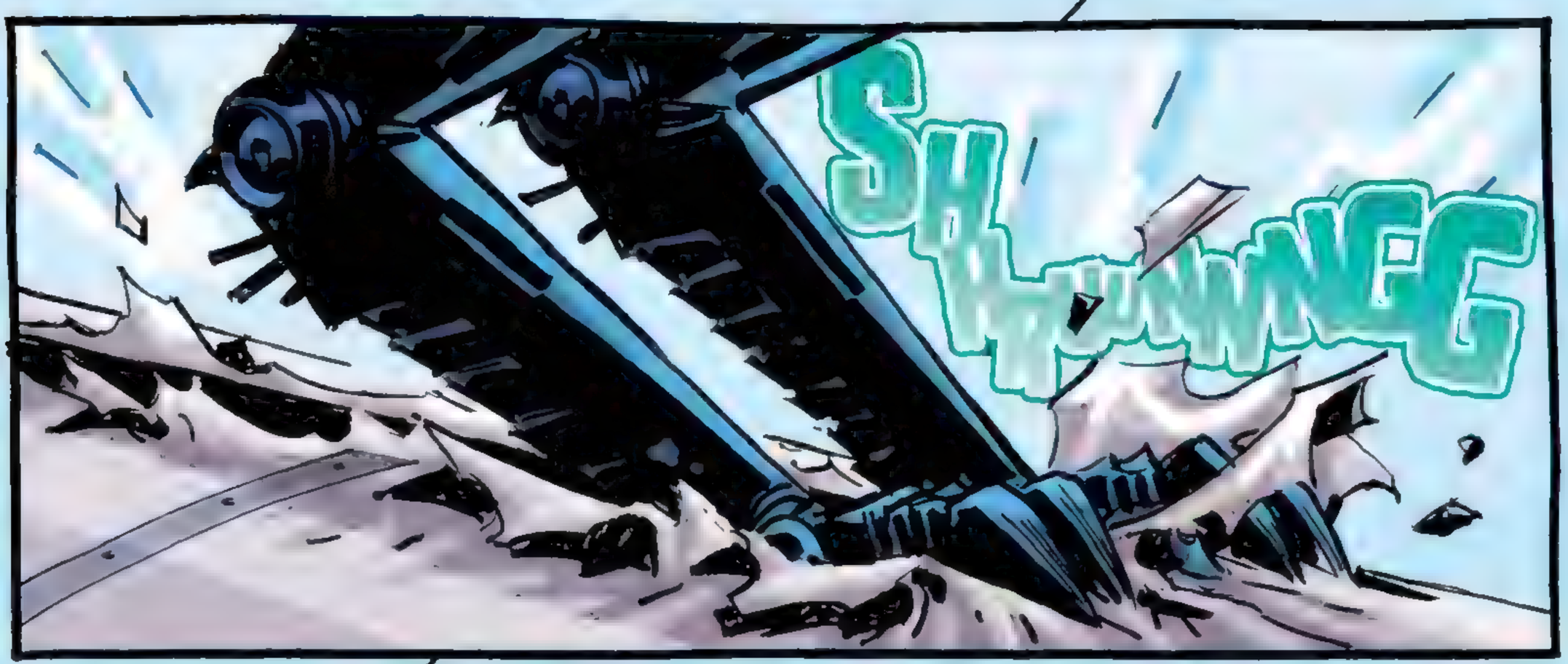
WHAT'S THAT IN ITS *CLAWS*, GARFIELD? LOOKS LIKE IT'S *CARRYIN'* SOMETHIN'...

...OR *SOMEONE!*


LASSETER, REEL HER IN! THAT RAPTOR'S GOT SOMEONE IN ITS CLAWS!
WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE I'M DOING?!
WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER ONE? YOU GIVE IT THE WHOLE NINE YARDS?


OH BOY.
I FORGOT ABOUT THE OTHER ONE.

SKRRRRRR

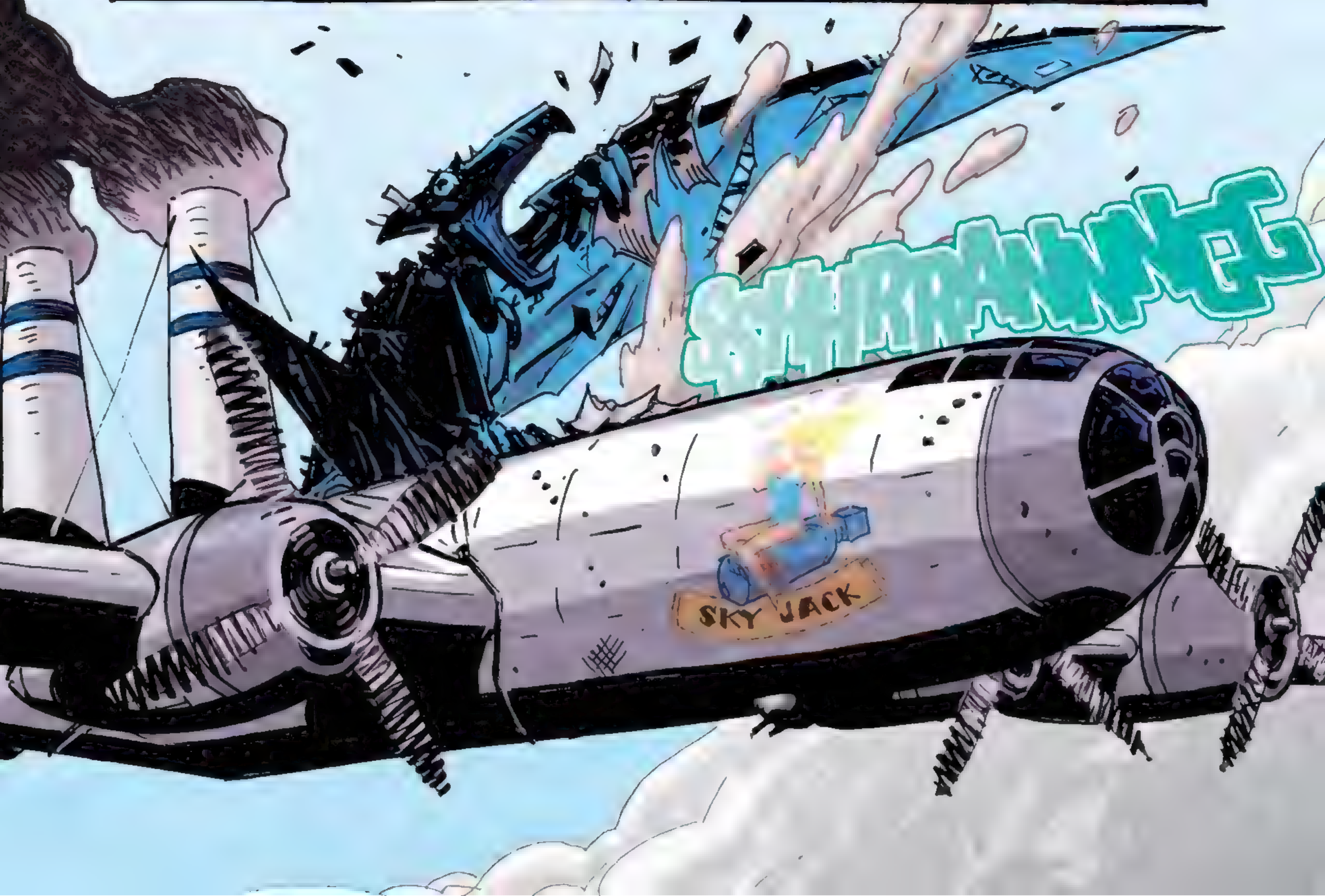

SHRUNNNG

GAAH!

IT'S ON US! GET ON THE TOP GUN BEFORE IT RIPS US APART!

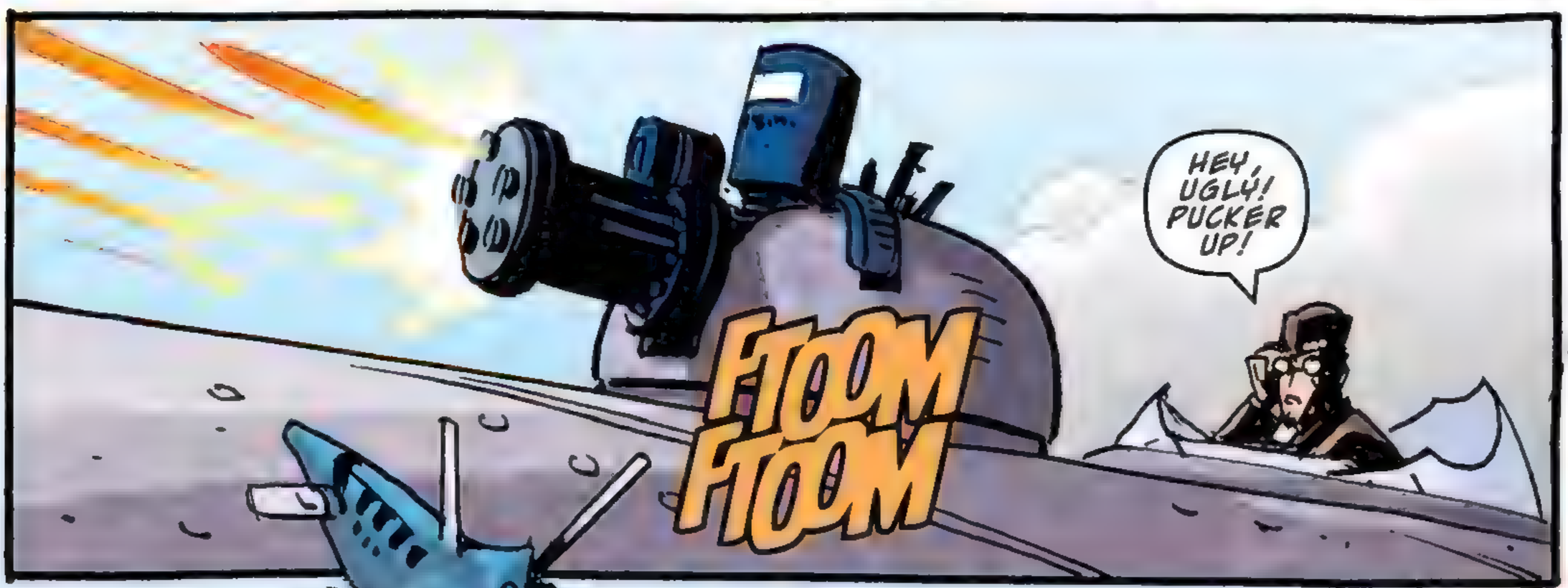
WHOA!
I—I CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER!

HANG ON, LADY! YOU'RE ALMOST THERE!


SKY JACK

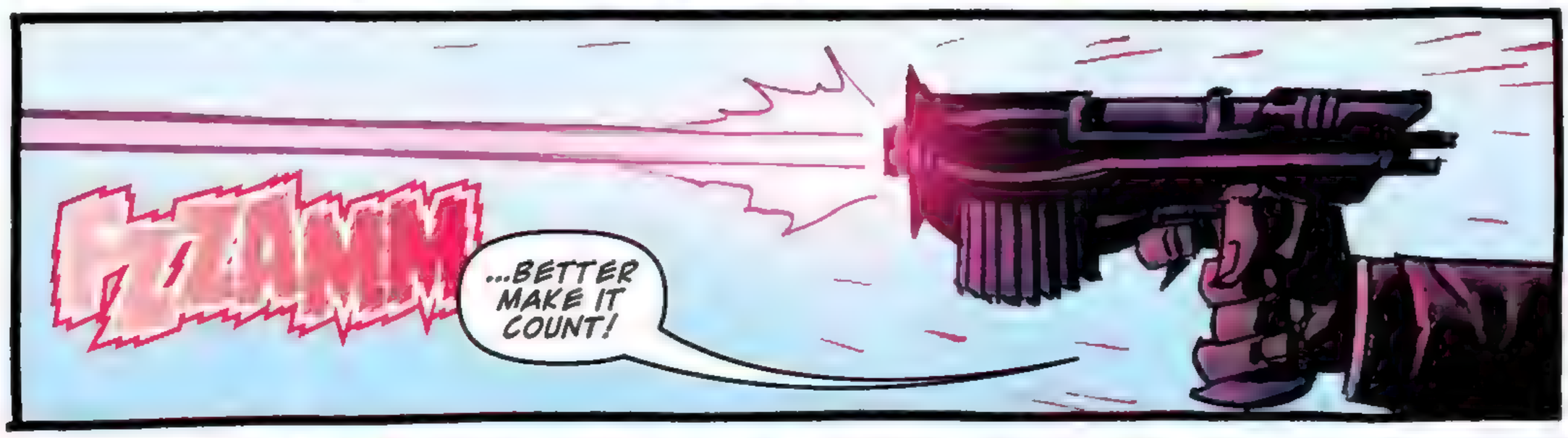
SON OF A—!
WE'RE LOSIN' PRESSURE IN THE NO. 2 BOILER! IT'S BREACHED THE TANK!

I'M ON IT, CAP! JUST KEEP HER STEADY!


HEY, UGLY! PUCKER UP!
FTOOM FTOOM

UH-OH.
I THINK IT GOT RILED!

OKAY! THE SMITH SAID THIS THING ONLY PACKS ONE SHOT...


FZZAMM
...BETTER MAKE IT COUNT!

KA-CHEW

GIMME YOUR HAND!
I—I CAN'T! I'M SLIPPING!
GOTCHA!
IN YOU COME—
OOF!
SO. UM. HI. AND THANKS.
I SHOULD PROBABLY MAKE A JOKE ABOUT DROPPING IN, BUT HONESTLY, I DON'T THINK I HAVE IT IN ME...
WELCOME TO THE SKY JACK, MA'AM.
OH BOY!

PARDON MY HALFWIT COLLEAGUE, MA'AM. WE DON'T SEE A LOT OF NEW FACES AROUND HERE.
SGT. GARFIELD, GUNNER, UNITED STATES ARMY AIR FORCE. AT YOUR SERVICE, MA'AM!
THIS HERE'S SGT. LASSETER— BOMBARDIER, ENGINEER, AND ALL-ROUND FIXER-UPPER!

I'M CLARA. AND I'M...
...NOT ENTIRELY SURE WHAT'S GOING ON!

LET ME GUESS—YOU FELL THROUGH A HOLE IN THE SKY AND GOT SPIT OUTTA THE SUN LIKE THE REST OF US, HUH?

THE SUN...?
THAT'S WHAT WE CALL IT. ALIENS CALL IT A WHITE HOLE, WHATEVER THAT IS.
THE SMITH SAYS THERE'S HOLES POPPIN' UP ALL OVER SPACE, PULLING IN ROCKETSHIPS AND WHATNOT, AND SPITTING THEM ALL OUT HERE.

BUT AS FOR WHERE HERE IS, FRANKLY WE GOT NO IDEA.
THERE AIN'T NO NIGHT AND THERE AIN'T NO GROUND. JUST SKY, EVERY WHICH WAY.
WE'VE BEEN STUCK HERE THREE YEARS NOW. SCAVENGING FOR PARTS AND PATCHING UP THE JACK AS BEST WE CAN.

FORTUNATELY, THE GRAVITY'S A MITE LOWER HERE, WHICH IS HOW COME WE CAN RUN THE PROPS ON THESE BABIES.
STEAM ENGINES?!
HIGH-OCTANE AVIATION FUEL AIN'T SO EASY TO COME BY, MA'AM. WE MAKE DO AND MEND.
SPEAKING OF WHICH, I'D BETTER SEE TO THIS TANK BEFORE THE CAPTAIN RIPS ME A NEW—
—UH, THAT IS... I'D BETTER GET TO WORK!
CAPTAIN FILMORE, LOOKIT! WE PICKED UP A NEW CREWMEMBER!
SAINTS ALIVE, GARFIELD, YOU NEVER SAID IT WAS A GIRL!
THANKS FOR THE SAVE. I'M STILL PLAYING CATCH-UP, TO BE HONEST. NOT REALLY SURE HOW I GOT HERE...
YOU'RE A BRIT?
I'M FROM ALL OVER.
I WAS TRAVELLING WITH A FRIEND, BUT I SEEM TO HAVE LOST HIM.

'WELL, IF HE MADE IT THROUGH THE WORMHOLE IN ONE PIECE, CHANCES ARE HE'LL WIND UP AT TIPPERARY STATION.

'EVERYONE WASHES UP THERE SOONER OR LATER'!

LASSETER'S STAYING BEHIND TO FIX THE BOILER.

HOPEFULLY, THAT RAPTOR CARCASS'LL EARN US SOME DECENT BARTER. WE NEED THE PARTS!

THIS PLACE IS AMAZING...

THE WHOLE ISLAND'S LASHED TOGETHER FROM ALIEN ROCKETSHIPS AND SPACE JUNK, WHATEVER FELL THROUGH THE HOLE.

SPACESHIPS? WHY CAN'T THEY JUST... FLY OUT AGAIN?

SOMETHING HAPPENS TO THEIR FANCY SPACE ENGINES WHEN THEY COME THROUGH. BURNS 'EM OUT OR SOMETHING. I CAN'T CLAIM TO UNDERSTAND IT.
BUT IT TAKES MORE THAN A ONE-WAY TRIP THROUGH A WORMHOLE TO PUT OL' JACK OUT'VE ACTION. WE WERE ON A BOMB RUN TO KYOTO WHEN IT—

SERGEANT!

SIR.
I APPRECIATE YOU HAVEN'T SEEN A PRETTY FACE FOR A WHILE NOW, SGT. GARFIELD, BUT WE ARE STILL ON A SECRET MISSION WITH A CLASSIFIED PAYLOAD.
WE MAY BE THREE YEARS OVERDUE DELIVERIN' IT, BUT UNTIL WE DO, YOU WILL MAINTAIN OPERATIONAL SECURITY...

...WHICH MEANS KEEPIN' THAT BLABBER-HOLE OF YOURS SHUT!
GOT IT?
LOUD AND CLEAR, CAPTAIN. WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.

EVERYTHING OKAY?
PEACHY.
C'MON, LET'S GO SEE WHAT THE SMITH'LL TRADE US FOR A DEAD RAPTOR.

WHO'S THIS SMITH YOU KEEP TALKING ABOUT?
THIS CRAZY COOT, FIXES UP SALVAGED JUNK INTO ALL KINDS OF HANDY CONTRAPTIONS.
TINKERED UP THIS RAYGUN FOR ME!

HE LIVES ALONE, DOWN UNDER THE STATION. WATCH YOUR STEP, IT'S A TAD PRECARIOUS!

NO KIDDING!

LET'S HOPE HE AIN'T IN ONE OF HIS MOODS. HE DON'T ALWAYS TAKE KINDLY TO STRANGERS.

FOR THE LOVE OF—!
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN. LOOK AT THE STATE OF YOU!
WHAT—?!

I HAVE A BEARD NOW.
BEARDS ARE COOL!
TO BE CONTINUED!

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NEXT MONTH: ISSUE #10